

Confirmed his mission as a christian seer,
 Till Jesus called him to his seat above.
 And through our earth his mighty voice yet speaks,
 Where truth prevails and spreads her peerless beams,
 For where the day-spring orient light still breaks,
 There Wesley's deeds shall tell his deathless fame.
 And when his spirit plumed itself for flight,
 Illumined with the light of Heaven's afflatus,
 He saw the future, as from Pisgah's height,
 And cried, the best of all is, GOD is with us.
 These were the last of his prophetic words ;
 With us he's been, and with us still abides ;
 We see our signs among earth's brutal hordes,
 Nor shall they fail while Wesley's spirit guides.
 Oh, had he lived to witness what we see—
 The truths he taught prevailing through our earth,
 From east to west, o'er islands of the sea,
 As if creation threw'd in second birth.

WHITEFIELD.

And his great colleague whose electric tongue
 Aroused the masses from their guilty slumbers,
 As with the music of a seraph's song ;
 The theme was grace in all its glowing wonders,
 Expansive feelings swelled his soul through space—
 Although he sang on the flat key of fate
 The sovereign music of abounding grace,
 Caught at the footstool of the mercy-seat—

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